

In that broad breast no human heart
To human pulses answereth again:
The wandering wretch, in wood-paths lost,
To thy stern face for pity looks in vain.

Within that Sphinx-like face we fain
Would read the riddle of life's fleeting story—
Thy calm eternal would we grasp,
And gild our gloom with thy far-shining glory.

But thou! Thou gazest on the sea,
With fir-crowned, stony brow that changes never:
We leave thee, in dumb mystery,
Dread Sprite! to heave that hoary bulk for ever.



SMOKING.

But if you are a bachelor, like me,
And spurn all chains, even though made of roses,
I'd recommend cigars—there is a free
And happy spirit that, unseen, reposes
On the dim, shadowy clouds that hover o'er you
When smoking quietly, with a warm fire before you.
HALLECK'S *Fanny*.

IT has been well said that while no critic has grasped the full meaning of the philosophy of *Hamlet*, each attempt to discover its hidden truths has served to reveal the strength and scope of the explorer's own culture and definitively determine his position in the field of letters. And it might be said, with no great absurdity, that the subject indicated in the heading of this little article is the one infallible test of men's fairness and capacity for unprejudiced discussion.

One fair novelist—whose vast erudition and familiar acquaintance with all possible races and nations of men have given rise to the uncharitable cry, "Lo! an encyclopedia!"—tells us that no man of refinement can refrain from smoking—that it is the perfumed cloud that shields him from the too gross and material atmosphere of every-day life. On the other hand, a distinguished editor unounces, in most terse and elegant

English, that he who smokes "is a hog."

That there is a "mean" somewhere between these degrees of temperature is highly probable, though exactly where to place it is apparently a difficult question.

A very eminent German critic has insisted that the modern philosophy of his country is, in a large measure, attributable to the national use of the pipe; and he has been met by a laughable attempt to show that the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh was the first step in that country's rise to the position of a first-class power; and between the philosopher and his satirist it is hard to judge.

Meanwhile, the use of tobacco steadily increases, and the ever-diminishing body of non-smokers is only saved from annihilation by its intensive activity, and the advantage always possessed by a united and enthusiastic minority over a disorganized and, resultantly, indolent majority.

It is quite time, therefore, for a dispassionate examination of the merits of a custom which has grown in spite of opposition, and multiplied its worshipers in the teeth of determined resistance.

It would seem as though men would never recognize the truth of that great principle whose vitality was so clearly vindicated by Saint Augustine—"That the best promoter of a bad cause is an unsound argument in the mouth of its opponent." If they did, it is impossible that those who honestly believe in the injurious consequences of smoking could have so far forgotten themselves as to put forth, gravely and as reasons why men should abandon a cherished habit, so many foolish arguments. As a rule, the more violent and enthusiastic the attack, the profounder is the repose in which are suffered to lie the really strong weapons of the cause. Many smokers are entirely ignorant of the weighty arguments against their daily habit which undoubtedly do exist. Having become accustomed to the thunder of invective and abuse, and having ceased to respect the prevalent imitation of the Chinese method of making war, they give themselves no further thought on the matter. Judging the cause by the arguments of its supporters, the failure of the Anti-Tobacco League is satisfactorily accounted for.

In one of the prominent monthlies recently appeared an elaborate attempt to establish the proposition that "Smoking does not pay." It opened with a vivid sketch of a hod-carrier. The reader was carried—not exactly in a hod, but in great excitement—up and down a ladder. With admirable clearness the interior life of that worthy but hitherto not understood class of men was opened to his vision. He saw the little troubles and joys incident to the "profession," and the social delights that sustained and cheered its members. Then the pipe was introduced, and that much-abused article—costing two cents, and filled with tobacco that costs, say, fifty cents by the pound—was described as carrying peace and quiet to the poor Irishman's bosom, smoothing the roughness of his calling and wafting over his existence the fragrance of content.

Getting out of the hod at this stage, the incautious or juvenile reader would be inclined to suppose the pipe rather a

good thing. We pity his rashness. It was but the ingenuity of the author. He was simply being prepared for an Icarian fall. Getting into the hod once more, he was again shown a hod-carrier. But how different the spectacle! This one did *not* smoke. No spirit of contentment brooded on quiet wings over *his* soul. *He* never spent two cents for a pipe, or six dollars a year for its poisonous contents. Not he! He was discontented, unquiet, restless, ambitious. Then, descending in a bold swoop from principle to illustration, the reader was directed to gaze upon a certain prominent railroad man. Yes! 'twas he—the non-smoking hod-carrier, he who had bought a spelling-book instead of a pipe. Astounding! And thus the reader was suddenly thrown ("dumped" is, we think, the technical term) upon the conclusion of the argument: This man did not smoke; therefore he was not contented; therefore he bought a spelling-book, and thus became wealthy. Now reverse the wheels of this logical engine: If he *had* smoked, he had *not* become wealthy!

This sort of reasoning is rather painful and quite exhausting. It is very taking with a certain class of elderly ladies and the lower ranks of the clergy. To those who revere the memory of Archbishop Whately, however, it is not pleasing.

Putting aside the absurdity of the argument that Mr. George Law is what he is because he did not smoke, and that if he had smoked there would have been less likelihood of his teaching himself to read, is there not some doubt as to whether it is desirable to destroy as one man the unfortunate race of hod-carriers? Can all of us make money, and the Laws multiply and become as the sands of the sea or the children of Israel? May not Providence, or the Primal Cause, or Chance, or whatever it may be called, have intended that there should be grades and orders of society, and not the dead level of a single class? There is a text which says, "Contentment is better than riches;" and it may be that he who quietly fulfills his share

in the world's work, with no discontented desire to get out of "that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him," is greater than the other, to whom money is the objective point of all life, all effort, all hope. To put this platitude—so much a platitude that its truth seems to have been lost sight of—in another way: the man who strives to elevate himself for the sake of the world, or to grow rich that in a broader and more beneficent existence he shall attain more nearly his own possibilities of complete manhood, is great, and we bid him God-speed. The man whose motive is the aggregation of a larger number of personal pleasures is little. The one cannot be kept down, at least not by smoking a pipe; and it is quite possible that the best interests of society will not be consulted in having the other "come up." It is true that mankind is actuated by mixed motives, and that national life is quickened and—in a sense—invigorated by the play of selfish desires as well as by the higher aspirations of nobler natures. It is, however, equally true that the most vicious principle of American life is the restless craving of one class for the habits and position of another, and that no community can continue healthful in which the honest and capable effort of a man in any sphere of usefulness is not deemed more praiseworthy than abortive attempts to fill a station, be it never so exalted, for which he is not adapted.

The theory that this truth is without vitality, and only fit to do duty as one of the pleasant moral aphorisms designed exclusively for the use of copy-books, has resulted, legitimately enough, in the sending to Congress of a professional pugilist, to represent a city whose interests demand the assiduous attention of an able mind, fitted for the work by generous and careful education. It might be thought superfluous to discuss at such length the illustration of the hod-carrier, were it not that it is based on a view of the relations of life (a view not openly asserted, but intimated and insinuated in various forms) so radically wrong, and unfortunately so generally

received, that it is impossible to let it pass without some attempt to expose its viciousness.

The article to which we have alluded is a fair specimen of its class. There is in it no intentional misrepresentation, and no larger degree of bitterness than is to be expected from a recent convert, as the author declares himself to be, while it is full of quite ingenious special pleading and pleasant illustration. For these reasons, and also because it is the most recent instance of its kind, it may be well to review it as the exponent of the non-smoking theory.

In the outset it is to be observed that no settled line of argument is adopted of which analysis might be made. A series of illustrations following each other in rapid succession, and designed to show the multiform injuries resulting from the use of tobacco, interspersed with epithets of more or less intensity, leaves the mind with a half-formed conviction, but with no general principle on which to securely rest a conclusion. At the risk of being thought tiresome, it is proposed to follow these illustrations in their order, as the only possible method of weighing the validity of the conviction—or, to speak more accurately, mental sensation—which they produce.

Following, then, the panorama of evils, we come to the effects of tobacco on soldiers. The soldier, it is said, is the last man who should smoke, "for the simple reason that while he, more than any other man, has need of his strength, smoking robs him of part of it." Does it? Of course smoking in moderation is referred to. The distinction is quite as clear between the use and abuse of tobacco as of any other article. A man may kill himself—many do seriously injure themselves—by a too free use of water. Yet water is not inherently injurious. Now has Science proved, has she even asserted, that the use of tobacco in moderation robs a man of his strength? This is really one of the main points of the argument. About it much doubt exists. On either side are ranged great ability and learning. It is perhaps premature to attempt an investi-

gation of the subject. Closer scientific scrutiny must be had before a layman can venture to express, perhaps even to form, an opinion. But our author, with calm contempt for such men as Prof. Johnston, Dr. Pereira, Christison, Hammond and others, leaves the subject with the assertion. If he is right, then one phase of the question is decided, and further discussion becomes impertinent. If he is not, then we may continue to gaze upon the panorama. Indeed some glimmer of doubt must have been present in his own mind, else he would not have taken the trouble to unroll it further. But "it is not Science alone which establishes this truth." Boating-men while in training do not smoke, thus recognizing the pernicious effects of tobacco upon the physical system. To deny that this fact *indicates* a probability that smoking is detrimental to the fullest development of the physical, or rather muscular, powers, would not only be unnecessary—it would be foolish. But it is a solecism in terms to say that it *proves* it. What it does prove is the opinion of "trainers," nothing more. The question whether their opinion is the correct one is still open. And it is to be remembered, in this connection, that the process of "training" a man for either the ring or the boat-race is one which looks to the development of strength, not health. Given a man of average muscular power, the trainer's object should be to bring every muscle to its greatest perfection. If to this were added the increase in ratio of vital force, the result would be the complete animal. Notoriously is this not so. The strongest man in America is rendered positively ill by a half hour's confinement in a close room. Training in its essential nature (using the word in its technical sense) means the concentration of physical power on a given object, and involves the idea of reaction necessarily. The proneness of men while in the process of training to acute disease is not changed to immunity from it when the process is completed, the championship achieved, the race won. (Prize-fighters are not distinguished for longevity, and the same

men who "stop smoking" when training for a college regatta recognize that the process they are about to undergo is one which will leave them weaker, with less stamina, less vital force, than it found them. Even if this were otherwise, the fact, so triumphantly put forth as proof of the baleful influence of tobacco, would be immaterial, almost irrelevant, to the consideration of the real question at issue. Were it ever so desirable, it would be none the less impossible for men to be always training. Leaving out of view the intellectual and moral natures, for whose culture some time is demanded, the necessities of life, the very conditions of existence, require us to do other things. When you consider the mental and moral natures, the unknown quantities of the equation are increased. How to concentually develop the whole man is the question—how to give the greatest delicacy to his moral perceptions, strength and culture to his intellect, concentration and force to his will, and health to his body. Not, let it ever be borne in mind, to draw out to its fullest extent any *one* of these stops in the marvelous organism of the "divinest of God's creatures," unless all the others be sounding. No one key of man's complex nature can be struck singly: each depends for its truest beauty upon its relations to the others. As a mere animal, a man's life might be one perpetual "training," and he would, if the chosen method of development were itself perfect, attain the condition of greatest conceivable physical health. But as a being possessed of both a mental and moral constitution, he finds it necessary to sacrifice this apotheosis of the body. Some degree of physical culture must give place to the requirements of modern civilization and the education of the nobler attributes. The adjustment of these delicate relations is the great problem of the age.

Thus, even if it were a known fact that the use of tobacco in moderation is hurtful to the physical man, it is no just inference that it should not be used. Many German scientific men have held that with all thinking men (meaning, of

course, the *average* thinking man) the use of some narcotic is necessary. In the present imperfect condition of our information in regard to "food," we cannot do more than approximate a correct statement of the proper diet for the ordinary man in any usual state of circumstances. It is not to be expected, therefore, that upon the more difficult and (until recently) comparatively unexamined subject of brain-food any definite conclusion has been reached. All that we *know*, however wide may be the range of our speculation, is that some brain-food *seems* necessary; that the ordinary methods of replacing the waste of the bodily tissues are insufficient to keep the brain, heavily taxed as it is by the habits of modern life and the unceasing demands of the mental activity of this astonishing age, in a healthful condition; that certain so-called narcotics (the term is inaccurate, but will serve for this special purpose) seem to supply the need; and that tobacco, of all known brain-foods, is at once most effectual in its operations and least injurious to the body. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that no proof of the injurious effects of tobacco used in moderation, and in the average instance, exists. In the particular exception of individual peculiarity, where tobacco is either unnecessary or hurtful, nothing of course is shown beyond the effect of a constitutional anomalism. Were it proper to cite scientific authority in support of this position, it were easily done. To those who care to pursue the subject farther than the limits and design of a magazine article render possible, the works of Professor Johnston and Dr. Pereira, and of Dr. Hammond, Surgeon-General of the United States, will furnish a key to much learning that is as interesting as it is recondite. We venture to quote one sentence from Surgeon-General Hammond's recent work on *Hygiene*: "The tirades [against tobacco] have generally been written by those who knew nothing of the human frame or of the effects of tobacco upon it; and even the few medical men who have given us their views against it have

not attempted to show by experiment its influence upon the human organism when used with that moderation so becoming to us in all things." The very ingenious experiments of Dr. Hammond, which resulted in his conviction that tobacco is both harmless and useful, will be found in his *Physiological Memoirs*, and have been referred to by Anson Flint, than whom there is no higher authority.

What our author means by gratuitous assertions, such as the following—"Smokers have that within which keeps them well in mind that smoking is pernicious;" "Nor can any intelligent smoker doubt that the fumes of tobacco are hostile to the vital principle;" "No, no! let who will deny that smoking is unfriendly to life and friendly to all that wars upon life, smokers will not question it, unless they are very ignorant indeed or very young"—it is difficult to conjecture. Not being argumentative, or containing any thought the tendency of which might be discovered to be in that direction, it is impossible to answer them excepting by the simple form of a denial. Prefixing the particle "non" to the words "smoking" and "smokers," in the passage last quoted, you have its appropriate reply.

It is always the subject of sincere grief when gentlemen make public those violent expressions of private opinion which properly belong to the oblivious charity of the family circle. The number of intelligent men who have found by actual experience the usefulness of tobacco to them; the many eminent physiologists who have refused to prohibit, and in some instances have enforced, its employment; the startling fact that the large majority of brain-workers have it in constant demand; and the theories of its usefulness, both as nutriment for the brain and as a neutralizer of certain pernicious tastes—with which every scientific man is familiar and which have at least won respect—might have deterred a less self-reliant man than our author from such careless assertions.

Passing to the next phase of the ar-

gument, we come to the following sentence: "Smoking is a barbarism. This is the main argument against what is termed moderate smoking. There is something in the practice that allies a man with barbarians, and constantly tends to make him think and talk like a barbarian." The proposition certainly has the merit of novelty. Having read it a second time, we stopped to anticipate the probable line of argument adopted for its enforcement. We rather expected that the "inevitable Turk" would be turned out against us, and the present gravitation toward polygamy commented on—possibly a revival of the doctrine of asceticism under one of the many modern forms of that really alluring mania. Nothing of the sort. The author had no need to complicate matters by the introduction of the Eastern political and social system, or to search the archives of the early Church for some enticing fatuity. He had recently visited New Haven, and, after having experienced a gush of sentiment over the old college and the older elms, had gone to the public room of a hotel, where he met some young gentlemen, who engaged an elderly man, whom our author poetically styles "lord of the stables," in slangy conversation. Of course they all smoked. After a while others came in, and the conversation became worse. All smoking still. By attentive listening he discovered that these youths were the "favored ones of whom he had dreamt under the elms." Whereat he felt a proper degree of indignation. From this scene is drawn "the main argument against what is termed moderate smoking." Now, does it require argument to show that, unless the stupid and perhaps vulgar conversation of a party of unfledged school-boys was caused by thus smoking, the conclusion that smoking makes men speak like barbarians does not follow. And, on the other hand, if the premiss is that smoking does make conversation barbarous (the thing to be proved), the conclusion is manifestly anticipated. The fallacy known as *petitio principii* had never a better example. If we were writing for the *Saturday*

Review, we should call this sort of thing "silly;" but as it is, we will content ourselves with the remark that the argument does not strike us as a forcible one.

Following, once more, the order of the panorama, we come to a scene painted in strongest colors, and designed to show the horrible condition of the relations between the sexes consequent upon the use of tobacco. With every disposition to treat our subject with respectful gravity, the picture of the infatuated beasts who sit steeped to the lips in the sensual pleasures of the wine-cup and the cigar-box, and upon whose material and earthy enjoyment steal gently the graceful harmonies drawn by the fair fingers of one of the more ethereal sex from the "Chickering Grand" in the drawing-room, is something too much for us. Just what the nature of the *spirituel* conversation up stairs is, we cannot unfortunately say. The rumors that sometimes come to us are probably untrue: at least they do not accord with our author's description. A belief is certainly prevalent that the hours devoted by ladies to their mutual edification "before the men come up" are neither the pleasantest nor the most profitable in their lives. The word "gossip" has been known to be connected with these holy communings. Indeed, there are not wanting those who insist that these moments are given up to "twaddle" of a very intense description, or at best to the *ennui* attendant upon throwing together people who have no interests in common, know no topic of general concern, and are either repulsive or indifferent one to another. Doubtless this picture is exaggerated; but the one drawn by those who know women "as women know themselves" is far more like to it than to the rose-tinted one of our author. Trollope, whose analysis of modern women is perhaps as fine as Shakespeare's broad and generic generalization of all women, does not afford us a specially pleasing picture. Nor has Thackeray, to whom human nature, as though touched by some irresistible spell, revealed its most secret recesses,

painted in more cheerful colors. It would be very pleasant to believe that the scene of cultivated women talking together in wise and witty fashion, or listening in graceful attitudes to a sonata of Beethoven rendered by a loving pupil, is the true one. If it is, the influence of our sex is terrible indeed. Though we know not what they say before we come up stairs, we are sadly familiar with it after we have come. We speak with sorrowful certainty of the nature of female conversation as affected by the presence of the rougher sex. Whatever may have been the sweetness of the strain we heard while in the dining-room—and it has been remarked by over-curious people that musical men are in the habit of having the doors closed at its first hearing—it is not sweet when we get up stairs. The story of the unhappy German gentleman who left his musical directorship in France to visit this country, and who, after listening to a young lady amateur render the second movement of the Moonlight Sonata, rushed from the room, exclaiming, in his native tongue, “My God, let me out! I am crazed with rage!” commends itself to all lovers of music as the narrative of one who, unrestrained by the laws of politeness and unindurated by long suffering, followed an impulse they have but too often experienced. That there are many lovely and brilliant women, who rebuke by pure life and thought our grosser way, is indubitable. It is quite as true that the proportion they bear to the whole mass is very small, and that they do not remain long enough in society to sensibly influence its tone. How low, intellectually low, that tone is it is unnecessary to say. (The conversation of men among men is always intelligent—not infrequently of a high order.) Even the standard of a club-house is higher than that of the so-called best society. It is to be regretted that the author of the article under discussion has been unfortunate in his acquaintance among those of his own sex. The number of cultivated men being indisputably larger than the number of cultivated women, it would seem to follow that the interchange

of thought among the former is of a more cultivated character. In general society the number of cultivated women is very small; hence, as a rule, cultivated men do not go there. Thus it is notorious that society is for the most part composed of men of inferior ability, mixed with young men of promise, who desert as soon as they comprehend it, and of women whose defective education and distorted views of life render them alike content with the men they find there, and incapable of either attracting a better class or improving the material at hand. Here and there a brilliant woman shines conspicuous in the dismal vacuity; but it is a melancholy reflection that her brilliancy has too frequently been purchased at the cost of her womanliness. It is not denied that men are largely to blame for this state of things. They should educate woman more carefully—open her eyes to social science and a truer appreciation of life’s objects. They should reform society. But they cannot accomplish the end in view by ceasing to smoke; and as the culture of womankind has not been perceptibly increased by *not* smoking, and as the “sensualists” who do smoke have managed to retain rather more than their fair share of that same desirable article, it is somewhat difficult to see what becomes of the argument against smoking as depending on its evil influence upon society.

“Oh, but,” it is said, “men go to their clubs to smoke, and leave their poor wives solitary and with no resource but fashionable dissipation.” We have tried to explain why men go to clubs, and will not recur to the explanation. It is admitted that neither by drinking nor gambling are men lured there, and as most men can smoke at home, the mere desire of smoking cannot tempt them from it. If the otherwise commonplace conversation of those much-condemned institutions is so elevated by smoking as to make it take the place of all other inducements, the inference is quite irresistible that women should smoke—not at all that men should refrain. No better proof could be afforded than this

"consequence," of the absurdity of attempting to weld together two diverse things having no natural affinity. No true man was ever kept from a true woman by smoking; and so long as men find more culture among themselves, they will, in a measure, avoid the society of women—no longer.

The present condition of society in this country is a subject of grave importance. No thinking man can close his eyes to the pressing need for its earnest and calm consideration. Most assuredly it does not deserve the careless treatment it has received at the hands of our author.

For such passages as the following—"Now one of the subtle, mysterious effects of tobacco upon the male of our species is to disenchant him with regard to the female. It makes us read the poem entitled *Woman* as though it were only a piece of prose. It takes off the edge of virility. If it does not make a man less masculine, it keeps his masculinity in a state of partial torpor, which causes him to look upon women, not, indeed, without a certain curiosity, but without enthusiasm, without romantic elevation of mind, without any feeling of awe or veneration for the august mothers of our race. It tends to make us regard women from what we may style the *Black Crook* point of view. The young man who boasted that he had seen the *Black Crook* forty-seven times in three months must have been an irreclaimable smoker. Nothing but the dulled, sensualized masculinity caused by this peculiar poison could have blinded men to the ghastly and haggard ugliness of that exhibition;" "Even if science did not justify the conjecture, I should be disposed, for the honor of human nature, to lay the blame of all this upon tobacco,"—we have nothing but profound astonishment. So far as the author speaks from personal experience, he may be justified. We are grieved to learn that so eminent a gentleman has for thirty years (the period during which, he tells us, he was addicted to the use of tobacco) "regarded women from the *Black Crook* point of view;" but until

profert is made of his authority to speak for smokers in general, we are forced to conclude this flight of the imagination "evolved from the depths of his interior consciousness," as the Germans say. Even with this charitable assumption, we fear we cannot pardon such violations of the rules of fair discussion. To assert that those who smoke—for the passage has reference to the moderate users of tobacco—forming, as they do, a large majority of the cultivated, thinking men of the world, have no feeling of awe or veneration for the august mothers of our race, is more than uncalled for. Unsupported by a single argument to show its likelihood even, or by a single fact from which such an inference might be drawn, it stands a melancholy instance of the folly of allowing one's prejudices to conquer one's judgment. However desirable it may be to diminish the use of tobacco (and we need hardly say that any scheme to lower the price of cigars has our warmest sympathy), men will never be convinced by loud-sounding invective or assertive declarations. Nor does Science justify the conjecture made by our author. On the contrary, she refutes it. (It is well known that tobacco neutralizes one of the sensual desires.) (It is more than probable that the young man who saw the *Black Crook* forty-seven times in three months did not smoke at all.) It is hard for one who, as a young man, loved the "imperial Goethe" with such passionate devotion as did the writer, and who still holds him one of earth's greatest, to speak such words; but there were at once strong and bad reasons why Goethe should not smoke. Like all men who hold his views as to the physical uses of women, and are possessed of physical passions in that direction as strong as were his, he did not smoke. We are not to be understood as saying that Goethe declined to smoke in order to enjoy greater excess in another direction, but simply that with men of his views and passions the desire to smoke is not found. Would our author like to adopt Goethe's opinions about woman as the legitimate result of not smoking?

He may have *read* Woman as a poem : he *treated* her as a beast.

The last sketch we shall examine is one in which is portrayed the waste of the world's wealth upon tobacco. We trust we may be forgiven for saying that the erudition displayed on this branch of the subject reminds us a little of that famous article on Chinese Philosophy, the author of which looked under the letter "C," in the Cyclopædia for "Chinese," and under the letter "P" for "Philosophy," and combined his information. Nothing can be more captivating or more dangerous than statistics. The segregation of any one article of common use from its fellows in the long list of the real and fancied necessities of life in the nineteenth century, gives it a swollen appearance, and by a very little manipulation it can be made to produce the most shocking impressions upon minds unaccustomed to dealing with figures. The number of hair-pins used in the civilized portions of the world is simply incredible; and beyond doubt statistics relating to the consumption of matches could be produced and so arranged as to strike terror to the bosom of every unfortunate being who has refused to adhere to the tinder-box. If mankind, and especially womankind, would cease wearing kid gloves, the world's surplus revenue would exceed the standard of "the most civilized community that now exists." We are told that five hundred millions of dollars are yearly spent on tobacco, and that the world cannot afford to throw away that sum in the gratification of "an injurious physical indulgence." Most gladly do we accept the proposition. We are loath to allude to the *petitio principii* again, but until it is ascertained that the use of tobacco is, first, a physical indulgence, and, secondly, as such, injurious, we would suggest that the question is, What can the world afford to pay for its tobacco? If tobacco is hurtful, the amount is immaterial: one cent is too much. If it is useful, the sum is not an extravagant one. The world pays more for its *hats*, and about as much for its *pins*. The cost to the individual is, but little.

It is not denied that in this country twenty-five dollars a year will furnish a man with good tobacco, while a hod-carrier can supply himself on an annual stipend of five dollars. But some men's smoking "costs them from three hundred to twelve hundred dollars per annum." Let us apply this sort of reasoning to ladies' dress. The writer can count a hundred ladies of his acquaintance whose dress costs them each four thousand a year, and, in round numbers, two hundred more who spend about half that sum in the same direction; that is, enough to supply thirty-two thousand men with good tobacco for a whole year, or to console for the same period one hundred and sixty thousand hod-carriers.

We have been guilty of a very unphilosophical method of examining this last sketch, deeming its defects sufficiently apparent without applying to it the principles of political economy. The expenditures of the world on account of tobacco cannot be set down as wasteful unless tobacco is unnecessary to the individual consumer. The five hundred millions of dollars represent vast industrial interests and many and complex results of human labor. The tobacco trade is the meat and drink of "the one million pale people of Holland," "the four thousand pallid and yellow cigar-makers of Bremen," and the "forty thousand sickly and cadaverous" Americans, and of many thousands more who were probably not mentioned by reason of the failure of our author's supply of adjectives. The history of the growth and preparation, importation and sale of tobacco is the history of successful endeavor; and the five hundred millions paid by the ultimate purchaser form its cost, *plus* the means of livelihood to millions of our race—their food, clothing, education, pleasure.

We have not taken the trouble to examine any cyclopædia, but it is quite evident that our author has found his figures under the title "Tobacco" and his adjectives under the head "Disease." The manner in which he has combined his hard-bought information does infinite credit to his powers of composition, and

deserves and receives our most intelligent appreciation.

At the outset we feared that we should be thought tiresome in following the artist through his gallery of imaginary horrors, and the prophecy has probably ere this received its fulfillment.

Little that has been said of the former pictures is inapplicable to those that follow. A faint revival of the "George Law" illustration, with the Reverend Mr. Beecher for its hero; reiteration of the opinions of the author to the effect that smoking weakens, demoralizes, vulgarizes and sensualizes men; assertions that Mr. Thomas Jefferson was the "best gentleman America ever knew," and was for that reason incapable of smoking, being content, "this generous, affectionate, humane and great-souled human being," as our author calls him, to make his livelihood by raising tobacco for other people's weakening, demoralization and general degradation—a course of conduct which, if Mr. Jefferson held the opinions on the use of tobacco attributed to him, was not in all particulars "generous, affectionate, humane and great-souled;" affirmations that it is impossible to fancy Goethe with a cigar in his mouth, in fact that he could not have smoked and remained Goethe, and that Charlotte Brontë was morbid because she loved the fragrance of a cigar; more unauthorized expressions of the views of the general body of smokers, spoken as by one having authority; reminiscences of a pic-nic at "Jones' Woods," not at all flattering to our Teutonic brethren, who are described as having generally "a certain tallowy aspect;" prophetic foreshadowings of the Coming Man, of whom it has been definitely ascertained, though by what methods we are not informed, that he will not smoke;—such are the remaining pictures of interest. We will not stop to criticise them. One of the most characteristic efforts of the author is contained in the announcement of the following highly original doctrine: "In many instances the single act of self-control involved in giving up the habit [of smoking] would necessitate and in-

clude a complete regeneration—first *physical*, then *moral*." The italics are ours.

On the whole, if we could but rid our mind of an impression akin to that produced by the perusal of the advertisement of some popular medical preparation warranted to cure all human ills, and banish from our memory certain vague recollections, incident to more juvenile days, touching the manner in which magazine articles, designed to trumpet forth as an Awful Monstrosity some ancient custom, to the great discomfort of mankind and increase of the monthly edition of the magazine, are prepared, we should be inclined to congratulate our author. A man who can trace all evils to one cause—and that a trifling habit, such as smoking—*ought* to be a happy man. Do the wheels of government grate harshly upon their axles? The driver is smoking: stop him! Does cholera threaten our coast? Put away your tobacco. In any emergency, in all affliction, whatever evil impends, stop smoking. Then when you go to dinner-parties you will no longer sit "boozing and smoking" down stairs, having the "edge of your virility"—whatever that may be—"taken off" "by the subtle, mysterious effect of tobacco," and lingering "in sensual stupefaction" over talk about Smith's new picture or Mr. Gladstone's recent speech, Herbert Spencer or the Irish Church Question, or any of the similar demoralizing and improper subjects toward which intelligent men are so prone to gravitate: you will join the ladies, and talk—gentle, pleasing, manly talk, of monograms and marriages, fashion and flirtations, of operas and chasubles and sensation novels—shall ripple in sweet fluency from your lips, and "the evidences of the better civilization" of the lovely beings "arrayed in bright colors and bewitching novelties of dress, moving gracefully in the brilliant gaslight, or arranged in glowing groups about the room," will doubtless preserve you from regretful thoughts of the days when you "kept" your "masculinity in a state of partial torpor."

It would be unfair to represent the

article we have thus briefly reviewed as the exponent of the *whole* argument against smoking, although it is a good instance of the usual treatment of the subject by those who oppose the habit. To very many the habitual use of stimulants seems indefensible. To others the danger of excessive indulgence presents itself as a sufficient reason for total abstinence. We have endeavored to show that what we *know* of the evil effects of tobacco is insufficient to condemn it—that while it is foolish to declare its utility established, it is premature to assert that its pernicious influence is a determined conclusion. Our individual experience of its effects is the best guide for our personal conduct in the present absence of scientific information. To some careful student of nature, whose loyalty to Truth, the pure and abstract

—that crowning glory of scientific men—will not suffer him to substitute any personal opinion, however earnest and seemingly well founded, for a conclusion of science, we must look for the final decision of the question. Even should that decision be fatal to our present fashion of keeping our “masculinity in a state of partial torpor,” there is some danger that the smoking part of mankind will apply to their reformative brethren the philosophy of our old friend, Sir Toby Belch: “Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?” But until such a determination shall give groundwork for a legitimate attack, let us desist from passionate denunciation and the calling by hard names those who do not agree with us.

OUR GLOBE IN 1868.

WHEN God gave man dominion over all the earth, He implanted also in his heart a desire to see this dominion of his, and from that time efforts innumerable and unceasing have been made to know every portion of our globe. Very different, however, is the part taken in this ever-renewed enterprise by the different nations of the earth. Some have been content to occupy but a small corner of the great domain, and given to it all their affection, while others, with more restless minds and freer thoughts, have sought to extend their power and to prove themselves good and faithful stewards of the Almighty. Our own people, nomadic in all their tendencies, as eager to learn what others know as to bestow upon them the fruits of their own skill and experience, and used to overcome difficulties by hard labor and bright ingenuity, have long stood foremost in the ubiquity of their race and the irresistible

energy with which they have possessed themselves of every desirable portion of this gift of the Creator. To such minds, therefore, it will not be unwelcome, we hope, to see in a concise form what the past year has done to give us a better knowledge of our great home.

Leaving Europe aside, which is so well known and so thickly settled as hardly to call for farther discoveries—though its south-eastern portion is scarcely yet accurately described—we turn with due reverence to the first home of man, distant Asia. Its nearest points, Japan and China, have just been brought close to our door by regular steam communication with their ports, and American enterprise is already preparing to open the interior even by railroads and steamboats, which latter are to run on the great rivers and inland lakes of the two empires. More than ninety missionaries, mostly Protestants, aid in the difficult work of reconciling